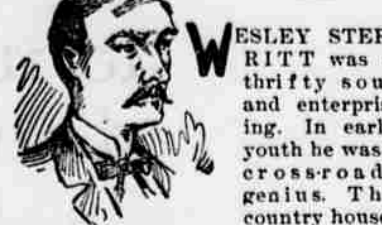


A LITTLE SUNBEAM.

Upstairs and downstairs,
Pat her little feet
Climbing,
Chiming.
All the happy days,
Hugging dolly close and sweet,
Teaching her to dance and play,
Up and down the stairs!
Upstairs, and downstairs,
Laughing if she fails;
Dashing,
Dashing.
Like an April rain,
Paying calls to mamma's house—
Bows and smiles, and bows again,
Up and down the stairs!
Upstairs and down stairs,
Gayly chattering,
Beaming,
Gleaming.
Moves the golden head;
Sunbeams alight scattering
Wherever she may tread—
Up or down the stairs!
—Lulu Curran, in Good Housekeeping.

ACROSS-ROAD GENIUS

By GLEN WATERS



WESLEY STERRITT was a thrifty soul and enterprising. In early youth he was a crossroads genius. The country house-
wives, when their children had a new hat or a new knife or the like, used to say at school time:

"Go long, now, and don't let Wesley Sterritt trade you out of that. Don't swap with him at all."

No casual observer would even suspect him of shrewdness—a fact which he turned to his own advantage in many a bargain—but Wesley had, as though Nature provided special compensation for the shortcomings of personal attractions, a peculiar indifference to externalities, whether his own or those of other people. He valued above all else that which he had and below that which he had not; he was always in the attitude of consenting to an exchange rather than that of seeking it; he never fixed a price, and never accepted one so long as there was chance for a better. He was one of those people who could swap a bushel of corn for a bushel of corn and profit by the transaction, maintaining a reputation for fair measure and inch-for-inch honesty. He removed at sixteen from Flat Rock to Shiloh. He was rapidly advanced to forty dollars a month and then to partnership in a dry goods store. He soon became sole owner of the business. He added a line of school books and coffins, furnished for ten or twelve months, insured everything and got burned out. He went to Fairburn. He flourished, of course. He expanded, as it were, to the limit of his opportunities. His enterprise was a natural extension to his competitors. He had toys for Christmas, valentines for the 14th of February, flags for the Fourth of July.

"A leedle too sharp," some croakers said, commenting upon Wesley Sterritt's methods, intending to convey the idea that he might some day overreach himself—"just a leedle bit too smart."

There were rumors that he sold whiskey—very profitable, that, because very risky, the town and county being dry—but the grand jury never did anything with it, and Wesley continued to prosper. He attended church and Sunday-school regularly, ingratiating himself to a degree with the denomination which had most adherents in that neighborhood. Eventually he began speculating in cotton. He sent mysterious telegrams in cipher and received equally mysterious answers. The telegraph operator told all about it confidentially. The rumor was speedily corroborated, as it could be in none but a small town where everybody knows everybody else and everybody else's business.

"He don't know how to let well enough alone," the neighbors said of Wesley. "He's in too big a hurry to get rich. He's gettin' over his depth."

Fairburn held its breath awhile—the expression is semi-figurative, of course—in expectation of catastrophe, the sudden annihilation of Wesley Sterritt. The negroes, who heard the white folks whispering about it, looked for the earth to open up and literally swallow him. There was no financial crash, no crack of doom, no sensation of any sort. The man simply continued to prosper. The town rubbed its eyes and looked again, to be certain Wesley was still there, and then deliberately settled down to the conviction that he was a great financier—a man who could hold his own in conflict with the money kings of Wall street. He came to be regarded as an oracle in the matter of speculative investments. No list of trustees or directors could be complete without his name. He was offered the majority and declined the honor. His store burned up, fully insured—a fact of which some envious people and the insurance adjuster referring to the similar experience in Shiloh, made a suggestive coincidence—but Wesley collected the money and removed to Atlanta. Some people wondered why he didn't go on to New York at once, instead of stopping in a smaller place, a limited field, like Atlanta. What he should have done, or might have done, are considerations foreign to the purpose of this narrative, which is designed simply to record what he did do. He started a business in Atlanta. He was amply successful. He was dissatisfied.

One evening, after a good day's business, he went home in a thoughtful, silent mood. He had little appetite for supper. His wife—yes, indeed, he had a wife! It is strange how natural it is to one who knows Wesley Sterritt at this time, in telling the story of his life, forget to mention the existence of a Mrs. Sterritt. There was little about Mrs. Sterritt, except her existence, to be mentioned in that connection. Even in the account given by her old neighbors of the marriage—the one time in her life when she was subordinate and incidental to the consideration of a girl mist, which Wesley was commonly said to have married, the wife passing as a sort of innumerate upon the property. Poor woman! Her identity, except the mechanical part of it, had faded away into that of her husband—her mentality, if

PUNYENT PARAGRAPHS.

"The man who is not a friend will never have one."—Rams Horn.
—"Don't forget, then, Ann, that your master is a colonel."—"O, I adore soldiers, ma'am."—Tit-Bits.
—"Curious coincidence."—"There is about the best thing I've got." Miss Bleeker—"How many eggs does she lay for a quarter?"—Puck.
—"Judge—'Ignorance of the law excuses no one.' Prisoner—'Humph! Den do jury's dead sure to find my lawyer guilty.'"—Buffalo Courier.
—"Murat spent his boyhood in his father's inn, and his youth in a theological college. He was destined for the church, but preferred the army."
—"A Probability."—"Do you suppose women would be any better if they had the right to vote?" She—"Probably not, but men would."—"Deotit Free Press."

It is supposed that the fashion among women of reading the final pages of a novel first is due to their predilection for the last word.—Boston Transcript.
—"A bit of conversation overheard in the conservatory at an evening party:—She—"Do you admire black eyes or blue?"—He—"The light is so dim here I really can't say."—Democrat.
—"A six-year-old was seated in a barber's chair. 'Well, my little man,' said the barber, 'how would you like your hair cut?' 'O, like papa's, with a little round hole at the top.'"—Tit-Bits.
—"Mr. Sculptor—'Is the last bust of your husband finished yet?' Mrs. Jaggs—"Well, I found his hat on the ground, and in the brush tray, and him under the folding bed."—Inter Ocean.
—"More Astonishing Still.—Kennard (on a first glimpse of the sea)—'Astonishing! Who would have thought there could be as much water as that?' Underhill—"True, and remember, you only see what's on top."—Truth.

"In a crowded street car an elderly woman offered her seat to a still older woman who has just entered. The latter exclaims, sneeringly: 'O, you needn't get up! Compared with you, I am still young.'"—Flagging Blatter.

"Louis XV. of France was in the decision of whether to be crowned in his kingdom. His death was welcomed with genuine enthusiasm by his people, who were tired of his long reign and vices."

"My sympathies," said the ever-veering young woman, "are altogether with the dear Japanese." "So are our hired girls," responded the matron. "She believed that all China should be eternally smashed."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Figg—"Did you ever think of it? It is a curious expression, seeking a woman's hand in marriage. As though the hand were everything." Fogg—"So it is. If you got the hand you get the money. That's where a woman carries it."—Boston Transcript.

"He—"Is that your dog I hear howling so?" She—"Yes, Poor Hero is so devoted to me he guards me all the time, and won't even let a pup put his arm around me." He—"Faithful creature! I can't bear the thought of his being chained on my account."—Vogue.

"A local band was once playing at Dumfries when an old weaver came up and asked the bandmaster what that was they were playing. 'That is 'The Death of Nelson,' solemnly replied the bandmaster. 'Ay, man,' remarked the weaver, 'ye've given him an awful death.'—Dundee News.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the woman who came to the door in response to Mcendearing Mike's knock. "Madam," was the reply, "I do work. I came all the way from town here. An' how did I do it? Walked. Lifted up one foot an' set it down an' then done the same with the other, an' repeated the process over an' over again." "Dear me," exclaimed the woman, catching her breath. "That's the trouble with mankind. Fellow creatures is too much misunderstood. If I hadn't stopped to enlighten your mind I don't doubt ye'd hev gone ter yer dyin' moment imaginin' your gunvint furnished us fellers with free bicycles."—Washington Star.

THE MOSLEM.

Life and Manners of the People of the Orient.

The European rarely sees the best of Moslem society. He easily makes acquaintance with the official class—the man who has learned in Paris and Constantinople to despise his religion and to ape the manners of the west—but he is, as a rule, debarred from entering the select circle of true Moslems of good birth and education, and he knows nothing of their estimate of civilization. The prophet warned his followers not to make friendships with Christians, often repulsive to the Moslem gentleman.

Those who have won admittance into such circles are charmed with the dignity, the courtesy and the simplicity of the eastern manner, and with the beauty of the ancient and often half ruined houses where poor, proud gentlemen hide from the world with the unaffected simplicity of life which distinguishes the best, with the taste and absolute cleanliness of dress and person, with the modesty of family life and the respect for age and rank. But such life and manners distinguish the few and belong to a class of men, who, however respected, have little influence on either the peasantry or the ruling class. Even among these the most absurd superstitions are common, and a question does not often go farther than leading, writing, and arithmetic.

The official class, for the most part not Arab at all. The pashas are sometimes pure Turks, distinguished for their good breeding and force of character; mostly they are of mixed race, their mothers being Armenians, Greeks, Europeans or slaves of various lower races. It is unnecessary to say that the majority of these are unscrupulous and devoid of principle, irreligious, and a curse to their country. It is only the strong and increasing influence of western civilization which at all holds in check a class which, as a whole, is cruel, greedy, and utterly selfish.—Scottish Review

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A MOTHER'S STORY.

Happiness Comes After Years of Suffering.

The Terrible Experience of a Well-Known Office Woman. Story that Appeals to Every Mother in the Land.

[From the Chattanooga (Tenn.) Press.] No county official in East Tennessee is better known and more highly esteemed than Mr. J. C. Wilson, Circuit Court Clerk of Rhea County, at Dayton, the home of Mr. Wilson. He enjoys the confidence and respect of all classes, and in the business community his word is as good as his bond. Just now Mr. Wilson is receiving heartfelt congratulations from his numerous friends because of the restoration to robust health of his estimable wife, who has for years been a helpless invalid. Mrs. Wilson's high standing in society, and her many lovable traits of character have won her a host of friends, and her wonderful recovery has attracted wide-spread attention.

As the Press was the medium of bringing to the invalid lady's attention the remedy that has effected her remarkable cure, a reporter was sent to Dayton to interview Mr. Wilson, in order that the general public might have the benefit of the sufferer's experience and be made aware of the treatment that wrought such a marvelous change in her condition. The reporter was welcomed at the Wilson home, and the enthusiastic lady with becoming reluctance gave the history of her ailment and the manner in which she was relieved:

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilson, "I was for eight years an invalid with one of the most distressing conditions of womanhood. For eight years I moped around, dragging myself with difficulty and pain out of bed. My little ones were untrained and were greatly neglected, while I looked listlessly and helplessly at the cheerful prospect before me and them. I suffered the most intense pains in the small of my back, and these seemed even greater in the region of the stomach, extending down to the groin. Despair is no word for the feeling caused by that dreadful sensation of weakness and helplessness I constantly experienced."

"It was treated for me by several local physicians, but they were able to give me only temporary relief by the use of sedatives and narcotics. I had almost given up all hope of ever securing permanent relief when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were recommended to me by a friend."

"I decided to try them, as I knew the lady who had been cured and had great confidence in her statement. I began to take the pills in December, 1898, and in two months I was doing light housework and attending to the children without any bad effects or weakness, such as I had formerly experienced. I had been unable to retain any food, but now my appetite grew stronger, and with it came back that old, healthy and hearty tone of the stomach. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have done for me what I had been unable to do for myself. I have a better feeling than I have had for many months. I have recommended these pills to others, and many of my friends are now taking them with good results, and it is my greatest pleasure to recommend to every sufferer a remedy so successful as this."

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FARM AND GARDEN.

Electrical Progress.

It is Expected to Make Life on Farms Less Laborious.

Part of the growing difficulties occasioned by the desertion of the country and the crowding of the cities will be remedied, perhaps, by six years hence—in that wonderful year 1901, which human progress—by the crowning of steam's rival, Machinery is rapidly taking the deadening drudgery out of farm work, is making it more profitable and on a large scale, and is causing it to attract the attention of city people who long for the healthful fields.

Only the healthy disappearance of farm work have prevented an exodus from the cities to the country. Already electricity is turning its attention to the long-neglected farm work, and has discovered profitable results to be had by subjecting crops to currents of electricity. It is beginning to simplify the ponderous farm machinery, and as soon as the storage battery has received its finishing touches and can be applied to lightening the farmer's toil and increasing his profits, the farmer will be looked upon with envy by the prisoners of city streets and counting-house walls. Those particular effects of electricity upon farm machinery and farming are, however, visible chiefly in the imagination at present, and are not at all likely to be realized in six years; but one great change may be looked for in this direction in the immediate future, and that is the improvement of the farmer's condition by means of good roads and the rapid transit which electricity is almost ready to bring, thus greatly enlarging his market and bringing him higher prices for his products, and also bringing him closer to the life and pleasure and stimulating effect of the city. There is to be a wonderful change in farm life in the more thickly settled parts of the country in a few years, and rapid transit will be largely responsible for it.

The cheap transmission of electrical power must bring soon many changes that will be felt in the city household, and perhaps the chief of them will be the abolition of the cook stove, as it is known at present. The small electric heater has already begun to take its place, and it is almost certain that even in six years coal will be banished from a majority of the kitchens in cities adjacent to water power, from which electricity is generated. When heat is wanted for cooking purposes it will be had at a moment's notice by the pressing of a button.—N. Y. Press.

HARVESTING THE CORN.

A New Hampshire Man Tells How He Has Been Doing the Work.

I plant my corn in sections of 12 rows, skip three, plant 12 more, skip three and so on. I plant potatoes, peas or anything that can be harvested before the corn in those three rows as shown below:

For a harvesting wagon I take the axle A and where of any hay rigging and take two stout poles B and attach them to the rocker and hind axle the same as to a hay rigging and then bore four holes CCCC in each pole. I then put four stakes DDDD in each pole underneath and let them hang down 12 inches from the top of the poles, then put the cross pieces on from one stake to the other and pin them fast, and lay a couple of boards

on the cross pieces for the bottom and put one on each side. Put a piece in front and one behind and that forms a box. Use wooden pins or bolts to fasten the pieces together. This rigging is drawn to the first gangway, a bar driven in the ground and the horse hitched. I pick the ears of corn first and put them in this rigging. I take six rows on each side of the gangway and when I come to the next gangway I do the same and so on until the piece is covered. The ears of corn are put in a large open chamber and husked at my leisure.

Then I make a horse for shocking corn. Take a small pole and bolt the

lugs to the pole and bore a hole for the pin. The cornstalks are shocked as I go along. I take six rows, three on each side of the horse, and bind the shocks with rope. There will be two rows of shocks in a section. I use the same rigging to draw my cornstalks to the barn and the shocks are easily taken off. I put my cornstalks just where I want them and do not disturb them until fed out. There is no waste in feeding. I do my work all alone without any help. This is the cheapest way and best to harvest the corn crop that I know of.—A. H. Watts, in Farm and Home.

New Potato Pest Discovered.

A foreign account is given of the appearance in Schleswig-Holstein last summer of a stalk-borer of the potato. The larvae enters the stalk near the ground, eating its way upward through the stem or downward into the roots, causing the destruction of the plant. The mature butterfly is described as thirty-two to forty millimeters across the wings (nearly one and one-half inches), of a clear reddish brown or copper color, with dark border spots. The larvae is common on glyceria, atriplex, carex, iris, reeds and the roots of potatoes. It is assumed that it is likely to become destructive to the potato. No means of repression are suggested.

Selling Poultry in Summer.

During the warm season there is a large loss of fowls that are sent to market in coops. The coops should be light and open, and the top covered with heavy muslin as a protection against the sun. Provide water-cups, not only at each corner, but also at the sides. Never ship so as to allow the birds to reach the market on Friday or Saturday, as it may compel them to remain in the coops until Monday.

Facts of the Case.

Mrs. Gadabout—I don't believe that Dr. Newhead knows a thing about medicine.

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